



## KIEV VESELKA PUBLISHERS 1979







## SPRING GALES OF NIGHTINGALES

Ukrainian Folk Rhymes for Children

Age 6 and Under





## Translated from the Ukrainian by Gladys Evans

Illustrated by: Yuli Kryha









Two cockerels, two cockerels
Threshed peas, by the sackful –
Two hens with combs curled into frills
Took loads to the windmill.

Pour Nanny, pour Billy! Stones whirl round the middle. You grind the meal but kiddie-goat Just plays on his fiddle. Wolfie spies with his eye From the woods, old sinner! Stares at kiddie, white and fluffy, Mindful of his dinner.









Reaper, reaper, Just a nipper: He wears bootees on his tootsies, And on his head – black hattie With patch of red that's natty!





Come out, come out, sunshine bright, Shine on Grandpa's fields your light, And on Grandma's garden plot, And upon the playground lot Planted with the flowers of spring, Where wee children dance and sing, Where they wait for you and play; Hoping for a sunny day.









In the wood grows a guelder rose, That's where Annie always goes – She wreathes a crown of many a rose, A rosy crown that charm bestows.

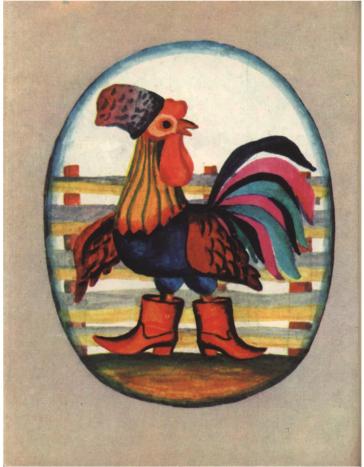




Here's a vard with flowers starred! Master's fine, like mellow wine, Mistress a rose, like a guelder grows, Sons have sharp eyes like hawks in skies, Daughters are blooms with rosy perfume. They wander through bowers, plant trees and flowers. Plant trees and flowers, tend them for hours -The garden will be prettier than me.









Rooster crows out on the lawn, He has pretty red boots on. We will ask the rooster crowing: "Come and help us do the mowing."





Mother Quack-quack Leads her brood for a snack Where pools lie on the ground And the duckweed is found, Where cool water is flowing, Where green grass is growing.









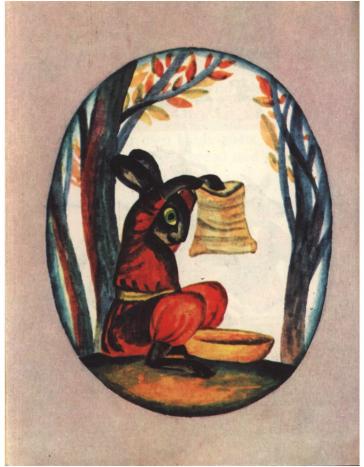
A nanny-goat tripped Through wild prairie land, Through dark meadowland.

But Bunny stopped her, A question popped her: "Is such behaviour Good for your childer? You'd look more discreet With a sickle to meet While cutting wild wheat -

So that your childer, Your own kiddy-goats, Have white bread and groats.









Beneath a lime-tree, sifting flour, Bunny sits busy by the hour. When Bruin asks: "Is that for bread?" Waggling ears, Bunny nods his head.



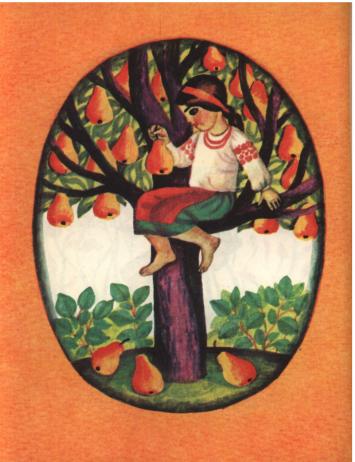


A rabbit runs along the road Hippety-hopping, His paws wipe all the tears that flowed While he kept sobbing:

I've been to all the gardens round, Everywhere – But not one head of cabbage found, Anywhere.









Lawksy, lawksy, Geese in the granary, Nanny eats cabbage free, Annie's up the pear-tree!





A little Dream peeks in windows,
And Slumber drifts round the willows.
"Where can we find a night shelter?"
So questions Dream of her sister.
And Slumber says: "In a warm housie
Where there's a babe but no mousie;
No better nest 'neath roof or gable –
And all night long we'll rock the cradle."









For market, Grandpa mends the sleigh – He's tired of Winter: he'd sell it this day! "Wait," Winter yells. "Grandpa, ho! Maybe I'll vanish: we won't have to go!"





A giant's coming – tramp, tramp!
A big sack carries – furs! furs!
What a giant this man is!
What an ogre this man is!
What big feet that shake the mountains,
What big hands that scoop out oceans,
What moustaches, like long horns;
What a beard, like bush of thorns.
What a giant this man is!
What an ogre this man is!
But I'm not afraid!









Bunny-rabbit, bunny-rabbit,
where have you been?"
"The dark forest I did dare."
"Tell me then, tell me then,
what did you there?"
"I chased a gray wolf into a ravine,
I hid Reddy Fox in my bag unseen."

"Where did you hide him, hide him unseen?"
"In this ragged sack, to my great shame."

"Show me then, show me, show me your game!"

"Reddy Fox is cunning, Reddy Fox is spry,

He chewed a hole there,
quick as blink an eye.
And when he jumped out,
he gave me quite a scare.

So there!"









Nightingale-piper, wee little birdle,
Do not fly high in your hurry and scurry
And don't shake down
The dews of the dawn.
Nightingale-piper, nightingale-fifer,
Whistle tootle-too, my little horn-piper,
Call them here to you,

spring gales of nightingales, To fill my orchard with silvery scales.





"See the little bunnies off
to the forest lone,
Then be sure you come back
quickly home."
"Run away, bunny-rabbits
where the pine trees soar,
And don't you trample down our rye
any more.

Don't come to the fields
ripe with golden wheat That's where the little girls
make up wreaths so neat.







Hey you, Tom-Cat, hey you there!
Why are you going to the fair?
You don't buy or sell,
simply frown your brow:
All you ever do there is make a big row!





Where do all the blacksmiths live, Who golden axes forge at the smith's? Blacksmith, making such a racket, Hammer out a little hatchet! A little axe, just a toy, Then I'll be a very good boy.









Oh, beneath the trees so bare, Falling snowflakes fill the air. And where Mary's snowboots go, They leave a trail upon the snow.





Bunny-bun, good even to you, O where away? Where you live, please tell me true – Can't you say?

I live close by in a house with locks By the weir.

But keep in mind, Mistress Fox, Don't come near.







Mr. Turkey Gobbler Booted 'gainst the cold. Mrs. Turkey Gobbler Goes to him and scolds:

"The weathercast's false, Let's go somewhere else! This winter I fear My wings will freeze here."





O cuckoo-bird, go to the forest. You'll find there a nest just for two, And twine it with green and gold rue. There for you the wild strawberries dwell, There for you water springs from a well.



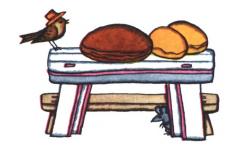






Oh, lovely Miss Nanny, With me you must tarry. You will feel happy Here with my family: Runs under my window, A stream like an arrow;

To do the bread-baking, I've hired a sparrow; And for the cake-mixing, I've two little vixens; And I have a bear, The meals to prepare.









Round a picket In a flower thicket, Walks Clucky-hen With her children.

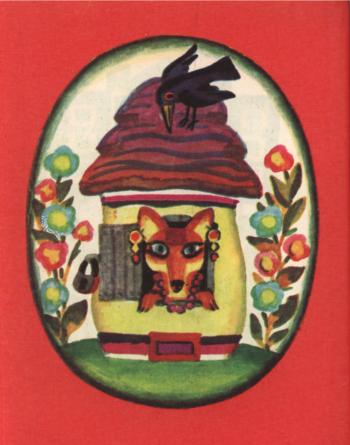




Alice, my Alice, Where were you? In the wood. What have you? Nuts so good.









In the wood we were hid, Caught a fox – so we did! Here he is – red and furry: Come and see how fine, but hurry!





We've a sister Emily –
One of a small family:
Only her, and her man,
With his Ma and old man,
Two tall girls with braided hair,
Two sons with moustaches fair,
Necklaced daughters by the table
And twin babies in the cradle.







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Oh my kit-kat, my kit-kat, Drive our cow out to get fat, Where there's green grass for forage – So she'll give milk for porridge.





A small squirrel goes
Round a nut-tree skipping,
Hazel nuts, pine cones,
In her bag go slipping.
The shells get cry-babies,
Not a jot more or tittle;
But good polite kiddies
Get what's in the middle.









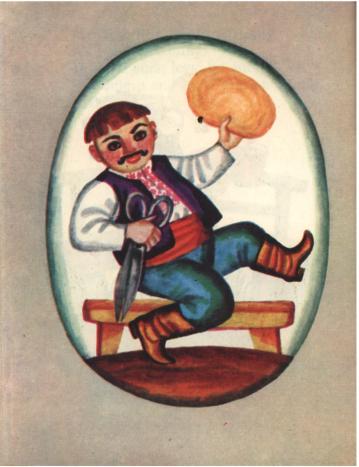
Rye on the hill growing –
There sits a Bunny!
All by himself, sweetly blinking,
And thump go his legs when he's
kicking –

For he's a Bunny!

Mistress Fox thinks it funny And envies Bunny: If I had such legs, I'd surely Go thump and kick, late and early, Like that old Bunny!









We made pancakes fine, Called the tailor to dine. He grabbed one, took a stance – And then started to dance!





Malissa dear, little maiden fair,
Sow flower seeds where your pathways go;
Where pathways go, make a garden grow –
Plant yellow rue and mint here and there,
Sow twining perwinkles blue
And cornflowers sweetly fragrant too.
Then your mummykins goes walking there
And helps clear the weeds
from your garden fair,
And says: "With Malissa, none can
compare!"









A magpie to snare – A headache for fair! To catch forty-four – Headaches galore!





A blacksmith has a whole crew, Some are big, some little too. The blacksmith has no recourse But to mount his sturdy horse, And his wife gets up somehow On their only helfer-cow; The blacksmith-boys, wearing hats, Ride on two gray tabby cats – And off they go!









Through the wood rides Foxy smart – Five wheels fall, off his cart. You must guess, if you dare, What he'll pay for its repair.

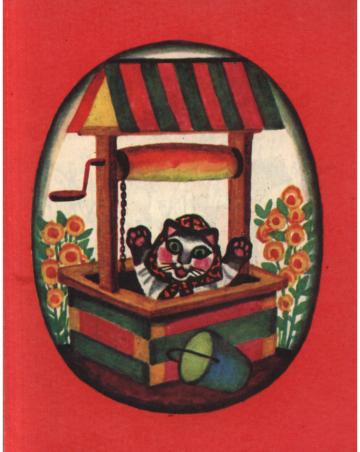


Little lark, why have you flown From the southern land too soon? Snow still lies in the hills, Ice sheets rise in the dales.

But I'll sweep that snow – shoo, shoo! – With my wings, there up high; And the ice with no to-do, I'll stamp down when I don't fly.









Miss Puss went to draw some water, Fell into the well right after; To rescue her Tom-Cat appeared And out he hauled her by the ear – By the ear pulled Miss Puss out, Set her down, to dry no doubt. For tears, Miss Pussy never spied Tommy – she just sobbed and cried: "I had a kerchief bright and gay, Now in the water it will stay!"

Tom-Cat said: "You wait right here, I'll find a stick sharp as a spear, Then we'll plough my field, Seed with spice for a goodly yield. When the spice has ripened well, The harvest we'll take off to sell – Buy you a kerchief just as swell, And a skirt as red as wine, A silk ribbon, soft and fine.







## Compiled and edited by Yevgenia Horeva







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